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THE
INVOLUNTARY INCONSTANT;
OR, THE HISTORY OF
MISS FRANCFORT.



THE

INVOLUNTARY INCONSTANT;

OF THE

MISCELLANEOUS



THE
INVOLUNTARY INCONSTANT;

OR, THE HISTORY OF
MISS FRANCFORT.

A NOVEL.
IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

BY THE EDITOR OF
THE FATAL COMPLIANCE.

L O N D O N:

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M D C C L X X I I.

THE
INVOLUNTARY INCONSTANT

OR, THE HISTORY OF

Mrs FRANKFORT

A NOVEL

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL II

BY THE

THE FATHOM



LONDON

Printed by T. Jones

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opposite Hungerford-Street.

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T H E
INVOLUNTARY INCONSTANT;

OR, THE HISTORY OF
MISS FRANCFORT,

L E T T E R I.
FROM MISS FRANCFORT TO MISS
SUTTON.

THERE is some comfort! The
Marquis's life is no longer in
danger. To the generosity of my
Vol. II. B cousin

cousin do we owe this blessing. There was a paper found in his pocket, declaring, that altho' the Marquis sent the challenge, he was not the aggressor, as Felix had said something which obliged him to it; therefore earnestly intreated, in case he fell, that my uncle, as he valued the quiet of his son's soul, would not seek for justice on the Marquis. This has taken off something from the weight of Sir Gregory's affliction, who bears his misfortunes with a resignation, that I endeavor in vain to copy: but I have so much to reproach myself with, that I think I ought to feel in a degree surpassing every one else. The loss of my cousin has opened my eyes to his merit;

merit; he certainly had a thousand perfections, and I was once not insensible to them. Had I never been sensible to them, or being so once, had I so continued, we might all have now have met in joy. Is it not strange, that though I am so far from considering death as a misfortune, and wish for it myself, that I cannot help lamenting so extremely the death of my cousin? But he might have been happy in this world, though your Camilla cannot; and as long, and in the same proportion as I am sensible to the Marquis's preservation, shall I think on my cousin with veneration and esteem, and be more concerned for his loss. Who could have foreseen

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such fatal effects, springing from one act of imprudence, and even that having its source in gratitude! I ask not for consolation, it is in vain to solicit it; I am equally incapable of being entertained, or of entertaining others; of which last this is a proof. But if I was not easy before, think what an object of compassion at this time, must be your

C. FRANCFORT.

LET

LETTER II.

FROM LADY SUSAN ELWIN TO LADY
HARRIET PAULET.

I Protest your Ladyship is immensely kind, to testify so much concern for us all. We have had monstrous apprehensions for the Marquis; but he is now likely to be very safe. Never was any thing more *outré*, than to get out of the way after a duel. 'Twas excessively obliging of Mr. Francfort, to behave as he did, for the Marquis takes all the fault upon himself; and

B 3

I really

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I really believe, he wishes he had been killed instead of the other. Your Ladyship would be astonished to see how he afflicts himself; and, I think, considering, it has ended vastly happy. To be sure, people of fashion contrive in general, that neither party is hurt, and that's immensely clever; but I suppose it will happen otherwise sometimes. The Marquis is extremely good-natured, and, I dare say, it was an accident; or, may be, it might be owing, some how, to the awkwardness of Mr. Francfort; for people of that rank, you know, it cannot be expected that they should be, in any thing, a match for their superiors. Your Ladyship diverts me extremely, by
wondering

wondering what the Marquis can see in Miss Francfort worth fighting about. Dearest creature! don't they fight about the merest trifle in the world? One scarce asks the subject; you know it is not material in the least: but I own I wonder what he sees in her, that is capable of making him so very unhappy as he pretends to be, because this affair has deprived him of the sight of her. *Entre nous*, I am exceedingly glad, for he really *disgraces* his taste; and, should he have been mad enough to think of marrying her, it would have *disgraced* his family; but now he will soon forget her; and if she had any presumptuous vain hopes, this must put an end to them: besides, I am

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charmed that the Marquis has been in a duel, and has come off so honorably *en le dénouement*. In short, the *tout ensemble* is all monstrous clever, and vastly to the taste of your Ladyship's

Most obliged, and

Most obedient Servant,

S. ELWIN.

L E T.

L E T T E R III.

FROM MISS SUTTON TO MISS
FRANCFORT.

IF my dearest Camilla has any fault,
it is assuredly that of dealing disingenuously with herself. Can I believe, without being lost to reason, that your grief should even exceed that of Sir Gregory's? He, the best of fathers, has lost the best of sons. You, who have you lost? A cousin, a lover. Yes, Camilla; but what lover? One whom, it is true, adored you, but one

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whom you would have married from a principle of justice alone; one who was not your choice, and with whom you expected not happiness. You have certainly much gratitude in your temper, and I wish there was more of it in the world; though, as you remark, your misfortunes had their foundation in it. But your concern for your cousin is not so great as you imagine; you feel yourself indebted beyond measure to his generosity, for the preservation of the Marquis, and your grateful heart, would persuade you that your present unhappiness arises from the loss of him, to whom you owe this obligation; what other tribute is there (thinks my Camilla)
but

but my grief? But examine your heart, and you will there find the true cause of your sorrow. Averse as you are to such kind of scrutinies, does it not advert to you, that the necessary consequence of this misfortune will be, your being for ever deprived of the sight of the Marquis? Alas! you must too plainly see this sad necessity; it is this bar; I grieve as much to say it, as you do to allow it; but it is, my dear girl, this inseparable bar, that is now fixed betwixt you and the Marquis, and not the death of your cousin, which is the cause of your keen affliction. You may be perfectly awakened to his generosity and excellence, but it is the dreadful circumstances that

attend his death, which afflict you to this excess. There is a kind of dignity in human nature, that is better pleased with relinquishing and foregoing what we love, than having it snatched from us; and the truth of this is apparent in yourself; you had absolutely resolved against marrying the Marquis, whilst it was in your power, although Mr. Francfort refused your hand with the same generosity with which you offered it. What then was to have been done? I suppose to have remained single. Fie! Camilla, you almost make me suspect that you was then disingenuous, and that you would have married, notwithstanding all you had said to the contrary. If
then

then you were sincere, reflect how little cause you have for sorrow; for additional sorrow, I mean; for undoubtedly you were then, and are still, greatly deserving of pity: but remember, we once almost quarrelled, because you would voluntarily endure what you are now forced to submit to; I mean the loss of the Marquis. Never did I write you so chiding a letter, but when I chide it is your fault, not mine. We are both heroines; but I am sorry to remark, that you are one the most, when occasion the least requires it. You may easily guess what I look on myself to be. Indeed I am at this time giving a proof it; that inconsiderate folly which led me
to

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to entertain thoughts of Mr. Otley as a lover, I am now punishing, by having forbid his visits. One would indeed imagine, that I had a pleasure in these cruel and heart-breaking restrictions, and that I was at war with myself, so hasty am I in making choice of what I obdurately, and as suddenly, deny myself. Adieu!

Your's,

EMILY SUTTON,

L E T-

LETTER IV.

FROM MISS FRANCFORT TO MISS
SUTTON.

I Will own, Emily, that you help me sometimes to develope this heart of mine, which I am often afraid myself to penetrate too deeply into; but you were, indeed, too severe in your last. Suppose I should allow, that it was not so much the loss of my cousin, as the unfortunate circumstance which occasioned that loss to be the cause of my grief; can it thence be inferred, that I would

would have married the Marquis under those past circumstances, because I now lament being for ever deprived the pleasure of seeing him? Which restriction, had my cousin lived, whether I had been his wife or not, there would have been no occasion for. Besides, I have always been of opinion, that when our friends die in any extraordinary or unforeseen manner, although our loss is the same, it yet heightens our distress. You may remember also, that I cannot fail of considering myself as the imprudent cause of this aggravated affliction; thus, without caprice or hypocrisy, I may lament Mr. Francfort, having lost him in such a manner; and to be

no

no longer disingenuous, if I may bewail the loss I sustain in him, I must also bewail, and even still more the loss I have in no more being able to view the amiable, the generous—Ah! Emily, do I not deserve pity when such epithets as those, which once so justly belonged to the Marquis, now only escape from my pen to be recalled, lest humanity, and the ties of blood rise up against me? Adieu! Bewail rather than condemn

Your afflicted

C. FRANCFORT.

L E T.

LETTER V.

FROM SIR GREGORY FRANCFORT, BART.
TO THOMAS FRANCFORT, ESQ.

Dear Brother,

YOU know I have ever been of opinion, that Providence is more equal, and consequently more kind in its dispensations, than many folks allow; let it not wound you as a father, nor calumniate my nephew Charles as a child, if I say that I was more blessed in a son than you are; but now, to render our lot more equal, alas! I have

have no son, no child: nor is this loss, my dear brother, confined to me alone; the acquaintance of my Felix was universally sought for; he accommodated himself to all tempers, without seeming to be under the least constraint himself, or obliging others to be so. He was pleasant with the gay, and serious with the grave; whatever stile you saw him in, that seemed to be the most natural to him; yet was he exempt from cunning or finess: if he had any art, it was only that of making himself universally esteemed. The services he undertook for his friends, he effected with no less ardor than pleasure; and these favors he could not, or ought not to grant, he refused with
such

such dignity and frankness, that you felt immediately, without being told, that your request was an improper one. By means of a solid judgment, and an engaging disposition, his conversation was a perpetual entertainment, for he could discourse on all topics. From the vivacious, he caught additional fire, and communicated it to those who were dull and lifeless. Thus he improved his guests, and made them pleased with themselves, and one another, whilst his judicious compliance, which extended itself through every part of his conduct, was the cause of the general satisfaction. But I shall tire my dear brother with the fond remarks of an unhappy

happy parent; let me then sum up all by saying, that he would have been just, had there been no laws in the world; and prudent, had there been no calumny. Yet am I not impatient at my loss, but to be insensible to it, would be not to have been sensible to the blessing I once enjoyed. The virtues and rare qualities of my son, have left in my heart a veneration for that name and character, which I fear is unknown to you, from the little reason you have to approve the conduct of your's. This, my dear brother, makes me desirous to have Charles drawn once, at least, from obscurity and oblivion, in hopes that you may in your turn taste that happiness

ness, which, though I have lost, I can reflect on with a melancholy pleasure, and wish that you possessed it. I would not rob you, my dear Tom, of a comfort; no, not of a pleasure; but as you set so little value on what I flatter myself may one day prove so great a treasure, indulge me then so far as to let my nephew live under my roof, till he has shewn himself worthy to remain under your own; then will I restore him with joy, and reward him with that estate which would have fallen to my Felix! Adieu!

Your affectionate,

And afflicted Brother,

G. FRANKFORT,

L E T.

LETTER VI.

FROM THOMAS FRANCFORT, ESQ. TO
SIR GREGORY FRANCFORT, BART.

Dear Brother,

I Wish I was as well convinced of
the success, as I am of the good-
ness of your intentions; but whatever
my own doubts may be, I will not be
so unjust to Charles, nor so unkind to
you, as to refuse a request which is
founded in goodness and generosity.
At this time, when you have formed
in your mind pleasing hopes in favor
of

of my son, it would seem cruel to you both, to say that if he remains with you, till his conduct is not censurable, that I fear he will live with you for ever; therefore I will say what will be more agreeable to your humane disposition, that if your generosity produces the effect you wish, he shall live with you as long as ever he can be the least conducive to your pleasure: and I heartily wish for both your sakes, that your generous conduct may awaken him to a sense of gratitude and duty. But if it should not, the same principle which makes you so in love with virtue, makes you, at the same time that you abhor vice, compassionate those unhappy persons who
are

are controuled by it; thus if his behavior prevents you from being more his friend, your goodness of heart will secure him from finding in you an enemy. I am,

My dear Brother,

Your's affectionately,

T. FRANCFORT.

VOL. II.

C

LET.

L E T T E R V I L

FROM MISS SUTTON TO MISS
FRANCFORT.

MR. VERNON has not had much opportunity of conversing with his beloved mistress, and consequently not much of finding any faults in her, nor yet of growing tired of her fancied perfections; but he is now going to leave the university, and the time approaches when I shall know my fate. I have two chances. Had I a regard

regard for this young thing, I should have said I had two risques, for the odds are the same, however different our wishes may be: but you know mine, therefore if he continues much with me, I say I have a chance of his growing tired of me; and if he is with me but little, I have a chance of his seeing and falling in love with somebody else. Do not shake your head, Camilla, and look sententious. I do not like the boy, and yet I will marry him if he is willing it should be so. Do you then think, having formed my opinion, and being resolved, that it signifies one jot whether I say this, or whether I only think it? I fear I

shall be puzzled with his visits; if he should happen to be tender, that will not be clever; and if he should be boyish and gawky, my mother and I shall never be able to find play-things and sports sufficient for him; so I shall take that opportunity of visiting my Camilla, who has nothing at present to employ her but melancholic and useless reflexions; and as I shall not prohibit Mr. Vernon from following me, it is very probable that there may be something in his stile or manner, which, although it may not be entertaining or agreeable, may serve a little to dissipate gloomy ideas. “ Monkeys have been ex-

“ treme

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"treme good doctiors for the spleen."

Adieu!

Your's,

EMILY SUTTON.

C₂ LET.

LETTER VIII.

FROM MISS FRANKFORT TO MISS
SUTTON.

I Embrace with pleasure my dear Emily's offer of coming to Bridge Mead; never did I more want your presence and consolation. I have seen the Marquis; how unhappy is your Camilla! a new debt of gratitude binds me, which honor, far from letting me repay, will now scarcely permit me to acknowledge. About five miles distant from hence, I was walking
my

my horse, and being lost in thought, did not remark what caused him to take fright, but he gave a violent start, which threw me from my seat, though not fairly on the ground; my belt fixed on the pommel of the saddle, which my weight made to turn quite round. The creature galloped some way, whilst I remained with my head sweeping the road; I screamed as long as I had sense left to know my danger, but judge what I must feel on the first recovery of my reason; I found myself on a bank, a man on his knees supporting my arm, which was bleeding; another was behind me, on whose breast I leaned, and Edward, the only person I knew, was standing by me

pale, aghast, and almost motionless.

"Oh! Edward," cried I, "what have
"you done? Where am I?" "I have
"only been to fetch a surgeon,
"Madam," replied he, "as that Gen-
"tleman ordered me." I turned my
head; just heaven! what was my sur-
prise? It was the Marquis. I sprung
instantly from his arms. At that
moment I thought not of the assistance
he was giving; I considered not it was
most probable that I owed my life to
him, but thought myself culpable for
being in the presence of one who had
killed my cousin. The surgeon told
me he was glad to see that I had got
the use of my legs, and in one moment,
if I would be still, I should have the
use

use of my arm, for he would bind it up directly. Whilst this was performing, I cast a look at the Marquis; in whose face, although he had been only acting the most generous and benevolent of parts, there was a mixture of the deepest sorrow and contrition. This awakened in my mind a due sense of gratitude, and renewed every favorable sentiment which I had stifled in my breast. He perceived and read in my eyes the alteration in my heart, and advancing with that becoming diffidence which is so engaging, and so usual to him, "Nothing, Madam," said he, "but the danger I have just
" seen you exposed to, can occasion
" in me such emotion as I feel from

“ appearing in your presence. I doubt
“ not but you consider the not owing
“ the preservation of your life to any
“ body but myself, as the greatest
“ part of your present misfortune; but
“ I must own it is the only circum-
“ stance that has given me any plea-
“ sure since I saw you last, and the
“ only one, perhaps, from which I
“ shall ever receive any as long as I
“ live. Though I have been the
“ fatal destroyer of one life, heaven
“ has made me amends in permitting
“ me to be the preserver of your’s;
“ and be the remainder of my days ever
“ so wretched, I shall patiently endure
“ them for this single blessing.” Oh!
Emmy, there is no describing what I
felt;

felt; how moving were his words, how still more affecting was his manner; a thousand times was I going to run into his arms, but the remembrance of my unfortunate cousin restrained me. I burst into tears; "Oh! my Lord, this unhappy life of mine was not worth preserving; and my greatest misfortune is, not being able to thank you as I ought. I can never forget your kindness and generosity, but this must be the last time that honour, that decorum, will ever suffer me to acknowledge it." He had sent home a person to order the carriage, which was just then arrived, and without making any enquiries how the Marquis had saved

my life, I hurried into it. The Marquis and I both wept, but could neither of us utter a word when we parted. My father was not at home on my return, so I went to bed immediately, and there indulged a grief as ineffectual as it will be lasting. Come soon if you love

Your sadly complaining

C. FRANCFORT,

L E T.

LETTER IX.

FROM MR. CHARLES FRANCFORT TO
SIR GEORGE GRANDON, BART.

AND so, Sir George, you want to know how I like being house-keeper to Sir Gregory; you think I might as well be the ancient gentleman that locks up his china, and carries his keys. Why, faith, the silence and solemnity that reign here, cast a pretty great damp upon my spirits; but the old gentleman is so very good humored—it is rather injuring

ing him to say good humored, he has so very good a heart, that if he can persuade me to be as good as himself, it will be very well; but if he cannot, I shall be worse here than any where; for the devil take me, if it will not give me a cursed deal of uneasiness to vex him; so for his own happiness, I must sometimes deceive him, and make him think I am better than I really am. He has sent me several times to my father's, lest I should be dull, *ce qui me convient assez*, for it is a good gallop, and my sister has got a charming pretty girl with her, whom I cannot help lamenting is no ways come-at-able. She has got a lover there, a young man I don't know what to
make

make of at present, but I may find means, perhaps, to displace him; the girl does not seem to like him, so there will be less difficulty in the conquest, though there will be, perhaps, less pleasure. I think you and I have agreed that the pleasure lies in the difficulty.

Sir Gregory is gone into his hay field; I will go and make the good old soul happy by tossing his hay about; and when he is gone, perhaps if the hay-makers are pretty, I may make myself so by tossing them about a little.

“Green was her gown upon the grass.

“Oh! such were the joys of our dancing days.”

How

How long will it be, think you George, before you hear of some cursed scrape that I am got into? I wonder what I shall do; I am sure I have no harm in my pate at present, and I have got money enough in my pocket; but yet you know me, George; you know what a sad dog is

Your

CHA. FRANCFORT.

L E T.

L E T T E R X.

FROM THE MARQUIS OF D*** TO LORD
ROBERT FILLIGARD.

I Am seldom happy! I may say never, without it is by chance in a dream, and yet I very rarely remain in bed till five o'clock. A few mornings past, I had a dream, but not one of those I have been just boasting of; I thought I saw Miss Francfort, and the generous man I killed, walking hand in hand in our garden, and their garments were both bloody. I got up
and

and ordered my horse. I continually ride twenty miles to breakfast at a small public house, from whence I can see the top of a building which emerges from some trees in Miss Francfort's father's grounds; to view this pleasing tower, I sometimes go with the same speed and impatience as if I were sure to see Miss Francfort herself; and sometimes, lost in thought, I am insensibly conducted thither: with whatever pace my horse chuses to go, who, poor fellow, wants no guide to direct him to a good breakfast. That morning my dream had wrought so strongly upon my imagination, that instead of the fierce impatience, or the careless indifference with which

which I used to set out, according to the mood I happened to be in, I mounted my horse with an air of business and importance, and seemed as if going on some act of duty and necessity. So indeed it proved; I went, my Lord, to save the life of her who is dead to me—of my truly adorable Miss Francfort. About five miles on this side her house, I saw a Lady walking slowly her horse towards me; my heart beat strong at the possibility of its being her whom I feared, yet so ardently longed to see. It was her—yes, my friend, it was her; no sooner had I approached near enough to be convinced that it was the only face I could view with delight, but her horse started violently

violently at a dog jumping through the hedge, which threw her upon the horse's neck; I thought she would have recovered her seat, but in struggling to rise, the saddle turned round, and she hung by means of a belt with her beauteous head in the dust. I had almost lost my senses at the sound of her voice, and the sight of her danger; I was not near enough to seize the horse; judge of the agonies I suffered when I saw him pass by me with amazing rapidity, yet dreaded to follow all my soul held dear. I threw myself from my horse, and drawing my *couteau de chasse*, I ran, you may suppose, no common pace. I soon lost sight of her by the turning of the road; but at every

every winding I slackened my pace, lest I might frighten him again after he was stopped. This precaution had its success; I turned a corner where this abhorred beast was standing trembling and irresolute whether he should not again take to his heels; I also trembled to approach him lest he should; but he was deterred from it, by having his foot through one of the bridles, which I came near enough to snatch hold on. I had the pleasure to find (if any sensation at such an interval can be called by that name) that it was only the feather on Miss Francfort's hat that had trailed the ground; she was totally insensible, but I could not perceive any hurt. I sent her servant

vant (who had the good sense to keep at a proper distance) for a surgeon to bleed her, and prevailed upon a traveller to go to Mr. Francfort's for a carriage. I then took her in my arms, and carried her a little distance from the road, and seating her on a hillock, sat down myself to support her. I pulled off her gloves, and ventured to kiss her hands, in hopes that freedom might alarm her into life; they were warm, but she was insensible to what had filled me with transport. I was convinced she was alive, and so ardently did I long to see her eyes opened, that I had the courage to kiss her eye-lids; had she opened them, I could not expect to be viewed but with a look of
resentment

resentment and disdain; and for the first time, happy should I have thought myself to have been regarded with the cruellest she could assume. I sighed over her, and wiping the dust from her face and hair, I persuaded myself that she grew paler and colder; I pressed my lips on her cheek, in hopes to bring to it some warmth and blushes, but without any success, and with but little satisfaction, for I began to despair of reviving her by my caresses, which, as she was insensible to them, seemed now no more than kissing a beautiful picture. I also began to be ashamed of any thing which had the appearance of consulting my own pleasure, rather than her welfare; I had then recourse

to the vain expedient of fanning her with my hat; and observing that there was a little clear running water in a ditch just by, I laid her gently down, and went and filled my hat with some of it, with which I returned and sprinkled her face. But finding this to be equally ineffectual with all I had done, and despairing of any timely assistance, I sat down by her overwhelmed with anxiety and grief, and taking one of her hands, was bathing it with my tears, when I was roused by the clatter of horses; I looked up, and had the joy to find it was the servant returned with a surgeon. "For heaven's sake!" cried I, starting up eagerly, "lose no time, if she is not
" already

“already dead.” He had brought a glass, and some water and drops in a phial, which he poured out instantly, and forced down her throat; then giving me some salts to hold to her nose, he proceeded to bleed her. Her arm had not bled long, before she began to revive; never was agitation equal to mine! I was on one knee behind her, to prevent her sinking; and when I perceived she had motion, I was myself ready to faint; I began to tremble at the thoughts of her seeing me, as much as if I had been the occasion of her accident, instead of the fortunate means of preserving her life. The moment her sense was restored, she fixed her eyes upon the servant, and

with a voice and air expressing amazement and apprehension, she cried, "Oh! Edward, where am I? What have you done?" The poor fellow replied, "I have only been, Madam, to fetch a surgeon, as that gentleman ordered." She turned her head, and fixing on me those eyes which I feared never to see again, she gave a shriek, and sprung from me with a countenance of horror and surprise. The surgeon prevailed on her to stand still, and let him tie up her arm, which she submitted to. I stood like a guilty wretch on the same spot where she had left me, reflecting with anguish how truly hateful I must be to her sight. She cast upon me her eyes once more, and

and perceiving the cruel conflict of my soul, which was tortured betwixt love, fear, hope, and remorse, a generous compassion seemed in her face to have taken place of that severity, which had not only awed me into silence, but almost stopped the blood from returning to my heart. Thus encouraged, I ventured to speak; yes, my Lord, I presumed to tell her, that however unhappy she must be, not to owe her preservation to any other than myself, that heaven had shown me sufficient kindness, after having been the destroyer of one life, to permit me to be the preserver of her's. I do not know what I added, but this amiable enchanting woman was moved to tears;

she compassionated me, my Lord; she lamented that what had passed, prevented such acknowledgements as her gratitude wished to make. I was contented—I was happy—but for a moment only; she struck a dagger to my heart by the last cruel sentence she pronounced. Oh! my Lord, can I repeat it? there is but too much justice in my doom; “Honor and decorum,” added she, “forbid that I should ever again acknowledge the many obligations I have to you.” How generous, and how just is she! How wretched and ill-fated am I! We had no more time for conversation; the carriage was arrived; my tears, not words, expressed my sufferings; she herself

herself wept at the cruel sentence, which she could not revoke, or at the violent emotion it had occasioned in me; and hurrying into the chariot, left me in a situation which no pen nor tongue can describe. But let me consider that she exists; that she is now but twenty miles from me. How should I have supported life, had I not been so happy as to have preserved her's? When I ought to rejoice, let me not repine. How much more wretched might have been your perhaps, too discontented

Friend,

D****?

D 3

L E T-

L E T T E R X I.

FROM SIR GEORGE GRANDON, BART.

TO MR. CHARLES FRANCFORT.

YOU ask me, my friend, what folly I think you will be guilty of next; faith! I know not; but I hope it will not be seriously falling in love with this handsome girl you talk of; that, after all, would be *comble de ridicule*. I suppose if you should commit this folly, I shall be told that when you behold her, every thing that is perfect in nature presents itself to
your

your view; that you have a thousand new sensations, all exquisite, which have taken possession of your soul, with a certain mixture of joy and astonishment; that, as the song says, "At once it both wounds you, and tickles your heart;" in short, that you are all extasy, and almost beside yourself: but I shall not be told one word of your apprehensions, and your humiliations, which you will have in abundance; for however imperious, bold, or eloquent, you may be, if you should happen to adore a person who contemns you, however you may have summoned your courage, whatever fine harangue you may have prepared, they will be so many dreams and phantoms that

will vanish at the sight of this bright
fun of your's, and you will want the
power of utterance; it will be only
your eyes that will dare to speak for
you, and testify by their languor the
excess of pleasure and respect which
arises from such an interview. You
do not speak of your retirement with
the aversion I imagined you would,
which, most probably, arises from the
fancy you have taken to this girl.
You will be lost, Charles, to every
thing, if you will remain where you
are; but no body miss or lament you
more than

Your Friend,

G. GRANDON.

LET-

L E T T E R XII.

FROM LORD ROBERT FILLIGARD TO
THE MARQUIS OF D***.

I Know not, my dear Marquis, what arms to advise you to take up against this love, the most dangerous enemy that wisdom meets; for of all the passions which molest her, it is certainly the only one against which she has no defence. We gradually perceive the attacks of all other passions; some of which, indeed, we rather receive as welcome guests, than pernicious

ous enemies; but we have the power to guard the passages of our hearts against their entrance, or to drive them out, even when they have obtained it: but love glides in so imperceptibly, that it is impossible to remark the time or manner of his entrance; like a masked enemy, he advances and lays siege to the capital, our souls, before we are sensible of our danger, and then it is too late to drive him thence; he remains triumphant, and wisdom and reason become his slaves. Is this (you will say) consolation? No, my friend; and I am sorry to reply, that I know of none; at least, what will appear so to a generous mind. There are thousands besides yourself, who are suffering

ing

ing, at this time, the same kind of misfortune, as this you lament; only, perhaps, they have not the happiness to find their passion returned, which they would think a sufficient compensation for all their pains. This, my Lord, might be a consolation to some persons, but to you it will be a grief, feeling so much, to reflect that others are still more afflicted. Adieu! Believe me to be with the strongest attachment,

Your Lordship's

Very sincere Friend,

And obedient Servant,

FILLIGARD.

D 6

L E T.

L E T T E R XIII.

FROM THE MARQUIS OF D*** TO LORD
ROBERT FILLIGARD.

YOUR Lordship does me justice, in supposing, that I should find no consolation in the persuasion that others were more unhappy than myself; but I must beg leave to dissent from you, in believing that any one who is not precisely in my situation, can be so unhappy as I am. Mine is a state totally devoid of hope, which is what the most despairing, and the most
sighted

slighted lover at some time enjoys. He may lament the absence of the beloved object, and his constant attendants may be chagrine and inquietude; he may have no friends but what are troublesome; no amusements but such as are become tiresome; nothing in life may give him pleasure, but silence and solitude; he may prefer darkness, and the desert, and complain not but to the winds, the forests, and the fountains, comparing his agitation to that of the one, and her insensibility to that of the others. But after long being tormented with these kind of chimeras, will he not begin insensibly to reflect on those happy moments when he shall again behold the object of his tenderness?

ness? when he shall speak to her, and recount the number of those sighs and tears which she has caused? Sometimes will he revolve in his mind the arguments with which he shall soften her rigor, the thanks with which he shall repay some kindness, and the oaths with which he shall confirm his vows of constancy. Is it then inconsistent with his situation, as with mine, to write to her whom he adores? Is this no indulgence? Will not many a languid, heavy hour be passed by the aid of his pen? He writes, obliterated, and tears what displeases him; and if he suffers ought in his paper to remain, it is that which treats of the excess of his constancy and his love, which he is
happy,

happy, at least for a moment, in supposing will forward his suit, besides the pleasing artifices he employs for rendering these letters, and the extravagance he is guilty of, if by chance he receives one from her he loves. Retract then, my Lord, what you have said; I am the most unhappy: no, there is one thing alone could make my situation more deplorable, which would be the reflexion that it was a base, rather than a rash act, that has been the means of banishing hope from my breast. This I consider only as the unfortunate consequence of my rashness, but otherwise I should have regarded it as a just punishment due to my baseness. If I have any consolation,

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tion, it is that I am not an object of contempt, but pity; and that however I may have forfeited my pretensions to happiness, I have not yet forfeited your Lordship's esteem, the enjoyment of which advantage, not even my sufferings have made me insensible to. You grant me the only indulgence I am capable of tasting, which is that of talking of my too fondly beloved Miss Francfort, whilst you lament the too hard fate of her wretched lover, and your Lordship's truest friend,

D***.

L E T.

LETTER XIV,

FROM MR. CHARLES FRANCFORT TO SIR
GEORGE GRANDON, BART.

MY dear dark painter, Grandon,
what a picture have you made
of a man in love! There may be some
whining puppies, such as you repre-
sent, and your kindness for me giving
you apprehensions that I may myself
be one, has made you paint them all
such, in hopes to deter me, at all events,
from running the hazard of being so
great a fool; but I thank you, Sir
George,

George, I do not perceive any of those kind of symptoms; and likewise am I convinced, though they may be inseparable from some constitutions, that I, and many others, could be in love, without losing the power of speech: but a good painter can represent the same object to give both pleasure and aversion; and I am clearly of opinion, that if you had had no dread of my becoming that whining, contemptible animal you describe, you could laugh with me at the thousand extravagant things which love could inspire me to do or say: but then, perhaps, that is not what you call being *seriously* in love, nor consequently what you are afraid of, and what I am prohibited from.

from. I believe you may set your heart at rest, for I shall do nothing that will come under the article of serious love, if your distinction can be judged of by the conduct of the lover you describe, and that of my own. I shall not be afraid of speaking to my mistress, believe me; neither shall I always think myself bound to stick to the truth; a little hyperbole, burning, dying, languishing, talking of prisons, chains, and torments; calling her my life, my heart, my soul, my treasure, and swearing that I have more love than all the men in the world put together, and that it will last as long as my life; is my idea of making love, with a thousand other fine speeches vastly wide
of

of the truth, whilst my offers and my promises are equally beyond my power and my intentions. I know not what effect your *serious* love, as you call it, may have upon the constitution, but to tell you ~~the~~ truth, I cannot live upon the sight of a fine woman; and as much as I am in love with Miss Sutton, I shall not be able to exist here long without Jenny Buchanan. This indulgence you will perhaps think incompatible with my present situation, *mais point de tout.*

I have concerted a plan which I think will meet with success equal to its merit; I shall ask my uncle to give me leave to introduce a friend of mine, who would be happy to see Boon Hall,
and

and pass a few days here; this friend will be Jenny Buchanan in boy's cloaths; we shall have the same apartment, to avoid giving trouble; and, if I should happen to get into any mischief, I can lay it upon my young friend, and submit to his being kicked out. So I felicitate myself much upon my project, and think you will concur with me in its being an eligible one. I am Sir George's

Very sincere Friend,

And humble Servant,

CHA. FRANCFORT.

L E T

L E T T E R XV.

FROM SIR GREGORY FRANCFORT, BART.
TO THOMAS FRANCFORT, ESQ.

AS I am not quite so young as my nephew, I cannot visit you quite so often as he does. The distance, which renders it troublesome for my visiting, is rather a pleasing circumstance to him, as it is the means of furnishing him a good scamper; and I lay him under no restriction about horses, for I shall think myself thoroughly

roughly recompensed, if they are spoiled in any expedition which either improves him, or prevents his falling into mischief.

I have not yet had any reason for censuring his conduct: he has desired leave to introduce a friend of his, which, I think, is a proof that he is not displeased with his manner of life, as well as that he has no doubts of my willingness to oblige him. This is what I have endeavored to persuade him; therefore I have acquiesced in almost all his schemes, and have not opposed the introduction of the friend, nor even enquired who, or what he is; for where I repose a confidence, I never
admit

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admit a suspicion. I am, my dear
brother,

Your's affectionately,

G. FRANCFORT.

LET-

L E T T E R X V L

FROM MR. CHARLES FRANCFORT TO
SIR GEORGE GRANDON, BART.

HERE she is, Sir George, at your service; no, faith, I cannot say that quite neither; but here she is, however, and you cannot imagine what an innocent, lively, little lad she looks like. Sir Gregory says, "Why, Charles, your friend is "handsome enough for a woman." And really he is as civil to her as if he knew she was one. I am almost

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E

inclined

inclined to be jealous of the old gentleman, and to persuade myself that he understands the farce which I have began, and has an inclination to make one in it himself.

To men there is certainly something very pleasing in the manners, as well as in the features of women. I shall take her to-morrow to see Camilla, and dare engage she will not be half so much struck with the beauty of my little Jenny, as my reverend uncle is.

I really think, George, he would be pleased with the discovery; if one had a mind to sacrifice the girl, one might be pretty sure of a triumph over him; and

and it would be a great one to detect a wise old law-giver in the very follies he is condemning in us young folks. But, however, good generous soul as he is, he neither condemns nor suspects, and he is too respectable to be played upon for sport. I would make an example of an old square-toes, if he deserved it, as soon as any one; or if I were to get any thing by it, I should not be over scrupulous; but as it is, I will not be like those foolish toads, the frogs, which prayed to Jupiter for a King; for if I was to pray for an hour, I could never have any body more indulgent to me than

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this same Sir Gregory. So I am his
and

Your very humble Servant,

CHA. FRANCFORT.

LET.

LETTER XVII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

WHEN I wrote to you last, I was somewhat jealous, you may remember, about an old man's taking too much notice of my companion; but as a lesser misfortune always gives way to a greater, that little alarm is lost in the formidable apprehensions that are occasioned by a young man, Mr. Vernon, who has taken such a fancy to my Jenny, that I can hardly

E 3

help

help suspecting her of having let him into the secret of her disguise. After all, Sir George, these kind of huffies are inconstant and ungrateful; but I will not understand it, be as it may; for if she should draw him in, it will be the means, perhaps, of breaking off his match with Miss Sutton; to whom, whenever that happens, he is to give ten thousand pounds, which sum you may possibly permit me to fall *seriously* in love with, though you may prohibit me being so with the girl.

But how happened it, George, that you was so seriously in love with Camilla, if it is such a damned thing? I suppose you will say, it is those inconveniences you have experienced, that
make

make you inveigh so bitterly against it. You would not then think of her any more, I suppose, although my cousin Felix is dead, and it is impossible she should have the Marquis of D***. Well, George, I do not offer her to you; I shall get nothing by it; and I do not want to encumber you with a wife, without the incumbrance of a good fortune, and Camilla will not be much burthened with money. Remember it is Miss Sutton's ten thousand that I am seriously in love with, and which has many charms in the sight of

Your steady Friend and Servant,

CHA. FRANCFORT.

E 4

L E T-

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L E T T E R XVIII.

FROM SIR GREGORY FRANCFORT, BART.
TO THOMAS FRANCFORT, ESQ.

Dear Brother,

A Very extraordinary discovery in my family has thrown us all into the greatest consternation: I own it has affected me much, however easy it may seem to relinquish our pretensions to what we no longer possess; and to what, in fact, we never were entitled to. But I am talking to you in riddles: it is impossible for me to explain

explain this mystery in a letter, the purport of which must be confined to desiring the favor of seeing you as soon as possible, as the disclosing of this affair may be of importance to all our family, as well as to, dear brother,

Your's affectionately,

G. FRANCFORT.

R. 5

L E T.

LETTER XIX.

FROM SIR GEORGE GRANDON, BART.

TO MR. CHARLES FRANCFORT.

YOU are a forry fellow, Charles,
for bantering me as you do about
your sifter. Why, being seriously in
love, is a damned thing; and it is be-
cause I knew it to be so, that I wanted
to scare you from it. Have I any rea-
son to speak well of it, that could not
obtain your sifter in a fair way, altho'
my fortune was so much superior, and
was forced to have recourse to carry-
ing

ing her off at last? Nor was that the worst; the cursed ill luck I had too in losing her, by the interfering of that scoundrel the Marquis: it was the devil of a job all together, which, I suppose, makes you imagine that I shall not think of her again.

Oh! Charles, do not suppose because I preach to you, that I am grown wise myself; if you were to give me any encouragement, now I have lost my two rivals, so far from not thinking of her, I believe I should think of nothing else, which is a proof of the danger of falling seriously in love.

Your regard for the ten thousand pounds, if that is all, (which I a little suspect it is not) will not be so lasting

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as mine; neither will your disappointment, if you fail, be equal to that of

Your

G. GRANDON.

LET.

LETTER XX.

FROM THOMAS FRANCFORT, ESQ. TO
MISS FRANCFORT.

My dear Camilla,

I Would have you prevail upon
your company to depart, and instantly repair hither yourself. The discovery your uncle alluded to in his letter, is indeed a very extraordinary one, but I hope, from some certain circumstances which may attend it, that it will not be so unpleasing to you
as

as surprising. But I will not first excite your curiosity, and then hold you in suspense; that young man, who, from his infancy, we all believed to be my brother's son, was no relation to our family; Mrs. Emmitt, who is now at the point of death, has taken off from her conscience the weight of this secret, which oppressed her, perhaps, more than the thoughts of death itself. This unfortunate woman, who was your aunt's maid, one day, when Sir Gregory and his Lady were at the isle of Wight, went out in a chaise and pair with my nephew Felix, (who was then an infant about ten months old) and his nurse: the coachman sat between them, and
drove,

drove, but by some accident they were overturned, and the child killed. These wretched people, who were so forward to encounter danger, were neither qualified nor prepared to support the consequences of their rashness; they could, not without horror and confusion, reflect on the dreadful minute when they were to disclose to their master and mistress the fatal effects of their imprudence. Imprudence is the mother of deceit: in the neighbourhood there was one the age of my nephew, the child of a poor farmer, which child had the small pox coming out upon him at that time; this incident put them in mind of a project, which they no sooner thought of, than

than they determined to carry into execution; it was obtaining this child of his parents, with an intent to impose him upon Sir Gregory and my Lady for their son, relying upon their not knowing him from the alteration the small pox might be supposed to make in such an infant. Finding little difficulty to prevail on the farmer and his wife to give up this child, they found still less in passing him off for him whom they had been left in charge of. My brother and sister considered the alteration as a natural one, and were happy to find that the worst of that terrible disorder was past, without their having known any anxiety. Thus did my brother lose his only child,

child, and settle his affections upon that of another's; but on one, who, perhaps, was infinitely more deserving of them than his own might have proved, for this was certainly a very extraordinary young man; which proves fully, that there is in blood neither dignity nor meanness, neither virtue nor vice; for though the son of a low farmer, he was virtuous, and a gentleman.

Your uncle is extremely affected by this discovery, I think even more than he was at the loss of him whom he supposed to be his son. How will you account for it? It cannot, so long after, be concern for the infant who was killed: can nature be so ignorant of her

her rights, and so tenacious of them at the same time, as not to perceive her loss when it happens, and yet to lament it when it is past? The misfortune seems not to rest in our being deceived, but in our detecting the deceit; and it is, perhaps, the wisest thing we can do, instead of wishing always to be undeceived, to wish never to be so.

Adieu! my dear Camilla, delay not your journey, as you are impatiently expected by

Your affectionate Father,

T. FRANCFORT.

L E T.

LETTER XXI.

FROM MISS BUTTON TO MISS
FRANCFORT.

My dear Miss Francfort,

I Intreat you would be no longer uneasy at the necessity which obliged you to desire me to quit you so abruptly; had you not been so kind, as to have shewn me Mr. Francfort's letter, I should have left you full of regret and curiosity; but the knowledge of that discovery, sent me off not only contented,

tented, but happy. Though I assure you, even the prospect of so delightful a change in your affairs, as may most probably be produced, had not long the power of enabling me to keep up my spirits.

I must have left you just when I did, had you not required it, for my mother was that day greatly alarmed by an unexpected visitor, and was going to send for me with all speed. I was exceedingly shocked on my entrance; this visitor, or rather this ghost, of whom I am speaking, was Mr. Otley, who is in a deep decline; he told me that the physicians chose he should die at Bristol, whither he was going at the request of his friends;

“And

“ And although you have forbidden
“ my visits, Miss Sutton,” cried he,
“ I hope you will pardon this act of
“ disobedience in one who adores you,
“ and from whom you need never ap-
“ prehend a second. I am now upon
“ my last journey, and did think that
“ you would have compassion enough
“ not to refuse to make the last stage
“ of it as comfortable and easy as
“ possible. I do not mean to make a
“ merit of my sufferings,” added he,
applying his handkerchief to his eyes,
“ nor do I mean entirely to accuse you
“ of having reduced me to this state;
“ my disappointment has assuredly
“ been great, and much have I suffered
“ on your account, but that disappoint-
“ ment

"ment had only begun to work that
 "effect upon my mind and frame,
 "which has since been completed by
 "the loss of the best of friends, and
 "most deserving of men." It was your
 supposed cousin that he alluded to,
 Camilla, but I could not mention the
 discovery to him, as it might rather
 seem as if I meant to reproach his
 grief, than give him any real cause for
 lessening it: it would have been degrad-
 ing his choice, and the object of it,
 although they were both deserving of
 the highest encomiums. Is it not
 shocking, that humanity must be so
 sensible to such losses and disappoint-
 ments as must unavoidably occur? I
 do not say that there is absolutely such
 a thing

a thing as dying of grief or disappointment, but I think people may be so much affected by either, as to have their constitutions hurt, and that it may in the end occasion their deaths; and I own that I am both shocked and concerned, that my levity should have been in any way the occasion of injuring this unhappy person; it is certainly now too late, either to restore tranquillity to his mind, or health to his body, otherwise there would be some little reason to draw favorable conclusions from the boyish and unsteady behavior of Mr. Vernon: I did not perceive that he discovered any attachment towards yourself, though I am inclined to suspect it, by his
making

making an excuse for riding over to see your brother, since I left you. Brothers are charming creatures, when they have got a pretty sister! Well, if his visit should be to you, I will forgive you, though I cannot forgive myself for being so mercenary. How much do I wish, that either I had never seen him or Mr. Otley! How ill concerted are our best of schemes!—those which we think cannot fail of success. I thought being at worst Mrs. Vernon, and at best having ten thousand pounds at my own disposal, was what I could never much repent of; but now what happiness would there be even in possessing that sum, if (as I fear) I have seen for the last time Mr. Otley? My
mother's

mother's compassion alone excited her to the same act of charity, as my love and charity united would have led me to have performed, which was insisting on his resting all night before he pursued his journey. He seemed greatly obliged by this piece of hospitality, and was not unwilling to comply with it, although it could not make him happy; and, indeed, we remained in almost as melancholy a condition, as that which he was in, when he left us; for those partings where grief is discovered, are joyful adieus compared to those where there is grief with a fear of disclosing it. Such was the parting

betwixt Mr. Otley and your despairing

Friend,

EMILY SUTTON.

LET-

LETTER XXII,

FROM MISSS FRANCFORT TO MISS
SUTTON.

MRS. EMMITT is dead, and the poor woman persisted in it to the last, that my cousin Felix died by the accident she mentioned. Need I tell you, my dear, what a train of joyful ideas come pouring in upon me? Your melancholy account of poor Mr. Otley, and your reasonable concern for him, keeps my joy within bounds, otherwise I don't know what effect this

F 2

pleasing

pleasing prospect, that opens to my view, might produce. Sir Gregory has resigned, though with regret, the fond idea of being father to the unfortunate young man he so tenderly loved; and my father and he have already been so attentive to the happiness of your Camilla, as to have expressed an impatience towards renewing the Marquis's acquaintance. Oh! Emily, my dearest Emily, what an unhopèd for blessing! for it was unhopèd, tho' so ardently desired. Prone as we are, to cherish the comforter hope, I had banished it from my breast: who could have entertained it in a situation such as mine? Do not then despair, Mr. Otley may recover, Mr. Vernon may

no

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no longer stand in the way of your
happiness. After what has happened,
may not Emily be as blest as her

CAMILLA.

F 3

LET-

L E T T E R XXIII.

FROM THE MARQUIS OF D*** TO LORD
ROBERT FILLIGARD.

THINK not, my Lord, when I
tell you I am the happiest of
men, that the misfortunes of which I
so loudly complained, have made me
lose the use of my reason, and that I
know not what I say. I repeat it,—
yes, again I repeat it, I am the hap-
piest of mortals; partake of my feli-
city, my Lord, as you did of my mi-
sery. What an unexpected cause for
joy!

joy! The gentleman I fought with was not Miss Francfort's relation. Sir Gregory had lost before, that son whom he imagined fell by my hand; and the person who really did, was the child of some poor farmer, that Sir Gregory's servants had imposed upon him for his own. What an event! I have received an obliging invitation from Sir Gregory Francfort, who politely excuses himself from waiting on me, to wish me joy of a discovery, which renders the separation of our families no longer necessary. Oh! my Lord, is not this not only admitting me to a sight of my Camilla, but supplying me also with the most flattering hopes? If there is no longer

F 4 a reason

a reason for our families being separated, then may they be united.

How much, how very much are our natures framed to endure! It has often been matter of astonishment to me, how I could live under such great and constant uneasiness; and now am I as much surpris'd, how I can support this unexpected and extravagant joy. You must be elated, my Lord, by my good fortune; you ought to be in the same proportion, as you was depressed by my sufferings. I protest by all my hopes, that if your transports are not almost equal to mine, I will renounce you for ever; it shall cancel all your former kindness, for I can neither suffer you to remain insensible to my joy,

joy, nor to think that I can ever express
it too extravagantly. The carriage
waits to carry to Boon Hall :

Your supremely happy

F 5 L E T.

L E T T E R XXIV.

FROM SIR GEORGE GRANDON, BART.

TO MR. CHARLES FRANCFORT.

IS it true, my dear Charles, this devil of a report, that it was not your cousin whom the Marquis of D*** fought with? That your family and his are quite reconciled? And that he is actually going to marry your sister? My love for her, you know, Charles, is not inconsiderable; but rat me, if I don't think my hatred for the Marquis is still greater. When I was
going

going off with Miss Francfort, I had drank just enough to make me valiant, in case we had met with any accident, or opposition, and he, like a scoundrel, made me as drunk as the d—l, and then took advantage of me, by carrying off your sister. I never was treated so unlike a gentleman before. D—n him, I wish I had sent him a challenge the next day.

You seemed to hint, Charles, in the jesting way, (but faith this is no time for jesting) that you wished I had her still; if you can think of any thing desperate, I am at you, that's all; for I could bear the thoughts of losing her, but my diabolical spirit will not let me patiently endure his success.

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Adieu! I am too much agitated to
write more; I should fill my paper
with nothing but cursing and swearing.
Think then what is to be done for

Your

G. GRANDON.

LET-

LETTER XXV.

FROM MR. CHARLES FRANCFORT TO
SIR GEORGE GRANDON.

IS it true? Yes, faith is it. You would not ask, were you but to see the Marquis and Camilla. They are wandering about here, and reposing upon the mossy seats, and violet banks, (and to be still more poetical) are begging a shelter from the noon-day sun, in eglantine and woodbine bowers, as happy as their first parents; whilst I, ever studious for your good,
and

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and not loving in my heart the Marquis, any more than you do, am creeping and sculking about like the serpent, imagining mischief; but I have not as yet been able to contrive any. However, I would not have you despair; there is a piece of news, which, by your silence, I suppose you have not heard; Miss Jenny Buchanan, the faithful Miss Jenny, as I suspected, is going to run away with Mr. Vernon; she told me that he had found her out; that he likes her, and intends to marry her, and, without I chuse to marry her myself, she shall take him at his word, because she always intended to marry as soon as she could. What a fine compliment she pays me! I marry her!

voila

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voila ce qui est beau. Did you ever hear of such a saucy hussy? or such a foolish puppy? If I oppose the scheme, she shall make herself known to Sir Gregory, and to my father, and expose me; if not, she shall leave Boon Hall directly, and they need never know that the person Mr. Vernon marries is herself. So you see, I have not it in my power to prevent her, without blowing myself; neither, if he is fool enough to marry her, would I wish to do it on account of Miss Sutton, and the ten thousand pounds. What a cursed mortifying thing this step of Mr. Vernon's will be to Sir Charles, who meant to insure his son's happiness, by securing him a wife whom he approved;

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proved; but by that means, he deprived him of what men dearly love, which is the pleasure of prevailing. Miss Sutton had bound herself to accept him, prior to all courtship, and there was nothing more to be said about it; so he even preferred the poor triumph of persuading the paltry Buchanan, to the already obtained advantage of Miss Sutton's promise.

I think he is much obliged to me for having found so good an excuse for his bad conduct; but I really am somewhat of his way of thinking. When one is *seriously* in love, you know, Sir George, prevailing by one's own eloquence, is like fighting well, and gaining a joyful victory; and

and if one is more indifferent, it is a kind of sham battle. A few protestations, a little swearing, and forswearing, we know the women like those sort of lovers better than your tonguetied swains, who only talk with their eyes. I intend to perjure myself hourly, to gain Miss Sutton's affections, and I would not have you be sparing of oaths and protestations, if ever you chance to be again in company with Camilla. Adieu! The same success to you, as you wish

Your

CHA. FRANCFORT.

L E T.

LETTER XXVI.

FROM MISS SUTTON TO MISS
FRANCFORT.

THE inclosed is a letter from
Sir Charles Vernon, for whom
I cannot help feeling, although that
of which he complains is the cause of
my felicity. You may also rejoice,
my Camilla, for half my wishes are
accomplished. Mr. Vernon has already
given that proof of his inconstancy
which I hoped for, and now is there
ought to be wished for, but the reco-
very

very of Mr. Otley? Ungrateful and presumptuous mortals! whose only acknowledgement of a benefit, is asking for something more, which they vainly imagine would make (what they have no right to expect) their happiness complete. Yet mortals will be mortals, and, perhaps, your Emily more unreasonable than any. Yes, I will own, little as I perceive I have been capable of fixing the standard for my own happiness, that I cannot forbear not only wishing—I would again presume to stop the hand of chance, and, though I have already mistaken the road, yet would I again venture to pilot myself. But often when we accuse
chance,

chance, we don't give her fair play, nor even put it in her power to serve us.

I would, Camilla,—yes, I must confide my secret in your bosom; I would be so weak, so imprudent, so—whatever name you chuse to call it, as to go down to Bristol. Nor is this all; I would, yes, my friend, I would that you should not only be my confidante, but my companion in this affair. Happy as you are in your *dénouement*, you may surely quit the Marquis for a short time.

But I leave you to judge of my request, and to the perusal of Sir Charles Vernon's letter, which has occasioned

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occasioned both pleasure and concern to

Your affectionate Friend,

EMILY SUTTON.

L E T.

THE INVOLUNTARY INCONSTANT,

FROM SIR CHARLES VERNON, BART.
TO MISS SUTTON.

[Inclosed.]

Dear Madam,

IT is but this moment, that I am
so unhappy as to find, that all my
endeavors to prevent the ruin of my
son are ineffectual; his bad conduct
has doubly robbed me of the comforts
of a father, by taking from me abso-
lutely all hopes of your becoming my
daughter. Oh ! Miss Sutton, he has
given me one unworthy of that title;
one,

one, who will not only render my family uneasy, but disgrace it; one, whom, though he was not ashamed to marry, he is ashamed to name. He only writes me, that he is set off for Scotland with the only person with whom he thinks he can be happy; and that he has no doubt of being so, having had an opportunity of comparing her with others whom he approved, and finding in her some thing still more agreeable.

I was discontented and displeased at this intelligence; but, heavens! what a shock was it to me, when, upon enquiry, I found that it was with a common kept mistress he was gone off! If I have any consolation, it is that I have
 had

had the precaution to prevent your being a sufferer by his folly.

As soon as his marriage is confirmed, I shall send my steward to pay you the ten thousand pounds; and I heartily wish that my son had no greater loss, than what he will find in the payment of that sum. Without he had proved more deserving of you, I think I may venture to say, Madam, that you have no loss; though I sincerely lament for his sake, and my own as well as your's, that his conduct has not been such as would have rendered him worthy the honor you intended to do him. He might then have made you happy, and me also; whereas now you are only barely made amends for being subject
to

to his capriciousness; and I am very much concerned at the disappointment to my wishes; but although I am denied the satisfaction of being called your father, I hope not to lose the title of friend, as I shall on all occasions rejoice to prove myself such, as well as to assure you, that I am full of chagrin and regret, Madam,

Your most obedient Servant,

C. VERNON.

LETTER XXVII.

FROM MISS FRANCFORT TO MISS
SUTTON.

WE certainly, my dear Emily,
have a claim upon each other
to ask assistance, when our situation
seems to require it; and as to our
weakness in pursuing that which is not
calculated to improve our happiness,
it matters but little, as we must suffer
from the failing of human nature,
whether those sufferings arise from
having

having obtained what is prejudicial to us, or from the want of something which we cannot obtain. But if from our short-sightedness, we aim at those things which are disadvantageous to us, we have yet this advantage from the same imperfection in our natures, viz. that we often frustrate what we wish to bring about. But as we know, that next to being really happy, the greatest pleasure is attempting to be so, we must make the trial; and I should think myself very little deserving the felicity I enjoy, if I refused any thing in my power towards contributing to that of your's.

After all that I have said concerning our false ideas of happiness, and

the wrong methods by which we pursue it, I must own, that though the extraordinary change in my own affairs, did not arise from any human foresight, or good management, that your project concerning Mr. Vernon has marvellously succeeded, and I congratulate you as much upon it, as I commiserate Sir Charles. As to Mr. Vernon, he deserves to suffer for his folly, without finding any pity.

I fear, should Mr. Otley not recover, that you will say your conduct has too fully proved my former remark; as you will attribute the loss of him, to your being under an engagement to Mr. Vernon; and complain, that altho' you have not pursued the wrong means
of

of obtaining what you wished for, that you have wished for what is not capable of contenting you; but it is our nature to wish for that which strikes us, as most calculated to answer the desired end, and to act in consequence thereof; to complain also when we perceive our error, although we have nought but ourselves to condemn. We either are designed to know what will promote our own satisfaction, or we are not. I am inclined to think, that without we compared fatigue with rest, tranquillity with tumult, sickness with rest, and every other contrariety that we experience, we should enjoy what we now call happiness without knowing it to be such.

The most flourishing happiness has its root in misfortune, and has been watered by adversity; therefore we, perhaps, do know how to promote it; and it has been wisely ordained, that we should have an inclination to taste of bitters, that we may be the better able to relish the sweets.

I feel myself the force of this argument, being, I am convinced, a thousand times more blessed after the numberless anxieties I have suffered, than I should have been had the Marquis been proposed to me as a lover, and there had been no obstacle to our union. I wish that whatever you suffer, may be productive of the same advantages,
and

and you may depend upon my being
ready to attend you, whenever you
please to command

Your

C. FRANCFORT.

G 4

LET.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

FROM MR. CHARLES FRANCFORT TO
SIR GEORGE GRANDON, BART.

I Don't understand what is going forward, but my sister and Miss Sutton are going to Bristol together. The Marquis is not to be of the party; he has got a furlow, and is to go home the while. But I think I shall take the liberty of following them, to see what advantage may be made; and if any thing should offer favorable, you may depend upon my friendship; I shall

shall not forget Sir George Grandon, I cannot help thinking there is something in the wind; and if Miss Sutton was out of the case, I believe curiosity alone would draw me after Camilla; let her look to it, for though she could not find out Jenny Buchanan, I may by chance find out her tricks, and she may not come off so well as

Your humble Servant,

CHA. FRANCFORT,

G 5

LET

LETTER XXIX.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Bristol.

WELL, my dear Sir George, I have found them out. That is, I have not found them out neither with regard to what they mean, but I have found where they are: they are in the house with a sick gentleman, whom they often see; who he is, or what he is, I cannot well learn; but do you know, that I have got a devilish droll crotchet

crotchet in my head, which is, that the young man who was supposed to be Felix Francfort, is not dead, and that Camilla has heard so, and is come down to see him. I have taken no notice to her of my surmise, but have boasted to Miss Emily, that I was come down for the pleasure of seeing her, and she seemed very well satisfied. I have really hit upon the time, in regard to her; for when women lose one lover, they are never easy till they get a second..

I'll tell you what, George, I have resolved on doing to forward you. I will write to the Marquis, and tell him my suspicions. He will come of course. Perhaps that may displease

G 6

Camilla,

Camilla, and they may quarrel about it; so we shall get rid of him; and then, if they will not let her have the other, as I conclude it most probable that they will object to him, as he is so much beneath her, you know then she will have no lover, and you will come in upon the same footing as I do with Miss Sutton. Adieu! and be ready to attend the commands of him who is

Your's to command,

CHA. FRANCFORT.

L E T-

LETTER XXX.

FROM THE MARQUIS OF D*** TO LORD
ROBERT FILLIGARD.

I Am in a little kind of consternation, my dear Lord; I cannot say that I am absolutely alarmed, but rather surpris'd, or so. Miss Francfort is gone to Bristol for a week, with Miss Sutton to see a friend, who is ill there. She did not ask me to go with her, but, on the contrary, said, that as she was obliged to leave me, I might possibly be glad to take that opportunity

nity of seeing home; and as I have not the least ground for any jealousy, suspicion, or complaint, I thought it very proper, if she wished to go without me, that she should.

I understood that these two Ladies were to go with only a couple of servants; but, however, I find young Mr. Franefort is there, from whom I have received a very extraordinary letter. I did not know he was so much my friend; but he tells me, that he has got a suspicion tolerably well founded, that the person whom it is thought was killed by me, is still alive, and that it is him whom his sister came down to see. I have myself no doubt but I saw the man dead; besides, his uncle came
down

down to give orders for the funeral; but this Mr. Charles Francfort knows nothing of, as he was then in disgrace. If it is any rival, it must be some other more dangerous than that poor man, from whom I have nothing to fear.

As she did not prohibit me from following her, I feel myself much inclined to go. I assure your Lordship, that it is rather curiosity than mistrust; I am sometimes inclined to suspect that it is some mischief which this Charles Francfort has invented, with some interested view. The family have received him into favor again, and particularly Sir Gregory, at whose request he was recalled. But there is something

something in his manner, which to me appears very suspicious; indeed I can never have a tolerable opinion of a man, who has once acted as he has done. A good heart, I fear, may much easier become corrupt, than a corrupt one become innocent. Whatever accrues from this strange intelligence, your Lordship may expect to hear it, as you are so kind as to interest yourself in the fate of

Your very affectionate

Friend and Servant,

D***.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXI.

FROM SIR GEORGE GRANDON, BART.
TO MR. CHARLES FRANCFORT.

My dear Charles,

YOU mean well, and you mean to serve me, but it can never be in the way you propose; I can never be received by your sister as a lover, tho' she might be frightened into taking me for a husband. If you mean to favor me, you must at least connive at, (if not invent) some stratagem for me
to

to carry her off once more, and I will hope for better success. If she should be offended at the officiousness of the Marquis, and he should either quarrel with her, or return, I think we need not fear the sick gentleman, whoever he is, if, as you say, he is confined to his room.

You know, Charles, I never was of opinion, that marriage was any restraint to a man; and that I always intended, when I saw a woman I liked, whom I could not have without making her Lady Grandon, to give her a right to that title; and I do assure you, upon my honor, she shall have it. You know what I most object to, is fawning and whining, and being
treated

treated as lovers generally are. I cannot bear to see a woman make a merit and favor of doing what she wishes to do, and a man cringing and intreating her to oblige him, to make him happy, when she knows that the obligation is on her side, and that it would be making herself so. Zouns! Charles, don't expect it, for I never can go a courting your modest women.

We shall see what a fine job you make of it with Miss Sutton. Take my word for once, Mr. Carolus, and see if she don't make you look like an ass fifty times, and not have you at last. You need not answer this letter, for I shall come down incog.
to

to see which way the land lies, and if
you have any encouragement for

Your devoted

G. GRANDON,

L E T.

LETTER XXXII,

FROM THE MARQUIS OF D*** TO LORD
ROBERT FILLIGARD,

WHAT a foolish errand am I
come upon! Would you be-
lieve it, my Lord, I have seen Miss
Francfort, but did not dare to suggest
the occasion of my journey? I found
when I saw her, that I could not pos-
sibly put such an affront upon her, as
to mistrust her. She is in the house
with a gentleman who is ill, and they
tell me that Miss Sutton and she are
continually

continually in his apartment; but it is as likely to be some body in whose welfare Miss Sutton is interested, as Miss Francfort; and yet Miss Sutton has just met with a disappointment, and Mr. Francfort assures me, that he has paid his addresses to her since, and has been well received, and that she has no other lover. But yet, whatever I feel, I cannot discover any jealousy or suspicion. I am pretty clearly of opinion,—nay, I am sure that the young man I fought with is dead: I wish this mystery could be cleared up; it is strange, but I am really not uneasy; you know, my Lord, I have all the reason imaginable to be satisfied with Miss Francfort's conduct. I was so
happy

happy as not to give offence by this imprudent visit; the Ladies both received me with great civility, and accepted the excuse I had framed for calling on them, which was, that being under a necessity of visiting a gentleman about five miles distant, I made it in my way, to give myself the pleasure of enquiring after their healths, and that I should stay in that part of the world near a week, (which I intend to do, that I may be near at hand, without seeming to watch them.) I thanked Mr. Francfort for his kind invitation, but told him, as I had so high an opinion of his sister, I could neither believe she meant to deceive me,

me, nor even let her see that I had any apprehensions of it; that I had no doubt of the person being dead whom he spoke of, but that he would add to the obligation he had already conferred on me, if he would let this affair take its course, without mentioning to his sister what had passed. I added, I was going to Sir Matthew Eaton's, about five miles further, where, if he would honor me so far, I should be glad to see him. Was it not best to seem obliged to the brother, and to confide in the sister? Confide in her! I do, I cannot suspect any thing to her prejudice; I will not censure her even in idea.

I am,

I am, my Lord, your Lord-
ship's

Most obliged, and

Most obedient Servant,

D****.

VOL. II.

H

LET.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

DO not stiffen with amazement,
nor let the blood be chilled in
your veins with horror; she is not worth
it. I have been deceived; she is gone.
Yes, my Lord, much as I relied upon
her, she is false; she is fled. I am not the
first that has been deceived by woman.
It is not strange! Who would not, like
me, have been deceived? Oh! ask
me not where she is fled, nor with
whom; it matters not, nor can I even
resolve

resolve you. This I know, about eight o'clock this evening, a person came from Mr. Francfort to Sir Matthew Eaton's, to know what accident had befallen me, and whether his sister would return that night. The messenger could give no account how this extraordinary enquiry arose; so I, alarmed almost to madness, ordered my horse, and went instantly to Mr. Francfort for an explanation. He expressed great astonishment at the sight of me, declaring that he apprehended something very disastrous had happened to me, for that about two hours before he sent away his messenger, a post-chaise and four came to fetch his sister, as the postilions said,

at the request of the Marquis of D***, who had met with a dreadful accident, and desired the favor of seeing Miss Francfort. "She went," said Mr. Francfort, "but is not returned; and "I became so uneasy at her stay, joined "to so alarming an account of your "Lordship, that I resolved to send "to Sir Matthew Eaton's, to know "the truth of it." "Is it possible?" cried I, "I have not sent to Miss "Francfort; no misfortune has be- "fallen me but this, the greatest, the "heaviest of all misfortunes." Mr. Francfort seemed astonished. "Did "she go alone, Sir? Where is Miss "Sutton?" "Miss Sutton, my Lord," replied he, "was gone out when I "came,

“ came, (for I don’t lodge in the house
 “ with my sister) but I could get no
 “ very satisfactory answer, where, nor
 “ with whom; they have their secrets;
 “ who this sick man is, I cannot for
 “ my life imagine, but as the people
 “ of the house told me, they went out
 “ together in a post-chaise; and about
 “ an hour after that, came this other
 “ post-chaise; a post-chaise and four,
 “ at your request, to fetch away Ca-
 “ milla.” “ At my request! Heavens!
 “ Mr. Francfort; I fetch away your
 “ sister! We have been deceived, she
 “ is gone off with this man, whoever
 “ he is, and to save appearances, went
 “ in a chaise alone. Oh! Sir, she has
 “ joined him long ere this; it is vain,

H 3

Mr.

“ Mr. Francfort, it is in vain to interfere; I must endure the loss, if it is one; I shall not make myself miserable; such things have happened; a man is not exempt.” “ But what would you advise, Sir,” interrupted Mr. Francfort. “ I advise! Oh! Sir, I can advise nothing; I shall return instantly to Sir Matthew Eaton’s, and to-morrow I shall set out for Southern Lodge.” I called for my horse, and taking leave of Mr. Francfort, begged him to pursue what measures he thought best, as it was totally immaterial to me. And is it not so, my Lord? Can any step be taken, that would be attended with the least good consequences? Am not I right? What

What would it avail to make myself uneasy? Whilst I believed she regarded me, what did I not suffer on her account? But you know, my Lord, it would be folly, being convinced—that I—that she—but I'll drop the subject. Why should I perplex and distress your Lordship, because I—I would say, when I hardly think about it myself. I am, my Lord, with the greatest sincerity on all occasions,

Your's affectionately,

D***.

H 4 L E T.

LETTER XXXIV.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

I Know not what to think. This morning about six o'clock, I received a message from Miss Sutton, who desired to speak with me upon business of consequence. I went, as you may suppose, with all speed. Miss Sutton, on seeing me, burst into tears. "Oh! my Lord," cried she, "what do you suppose can be become of Miss Francfort?" "That Madam," returned I gravely, "if you had
"pleased

“pleased to inform me, I expected to
 “learn from you.” “Oh! Marquis;
 “cruel Marquis!” resumed she, “I
 “perceive you suspect me; but if you
 “know not where she is gone, I am as
 “ignorant as yourself, and ten thou-
 “sand times more miserable.” “I
 “always consulted Miss Francfort’s
 “happiness, Madam, and as in this
 “she has consulted her own pleasure,
 “I ought not to be *unhappy*; however
 “mysterious her conduct has been, I
 “did not mistrust her; I thought, to
 “harbor the least suspicion against
 “Miss Francfort, would be to do her
 “injustice; thus I made no enquiries
 “about the gentleman who lodged in
 “this house, though I have had inti-

"mation how much he is indebted to
 "her for her kindness, but I under-
 "stand it has been answered with suc-
 "cess; for that if the gentleman has
 "been ill, he was not so yesterday."
 "Indeed your Lordship is deceived,"
 replied Miss Sutton, "he was ill yef-
 "terday, and I fear is worse to day;
 "this ill news, at his return last
 "night"—"Last night! Madam,"
 cried I with emotion, "did he return
 "last night?" "Don't be carried away,
 "my Lord," said she, "I plainly
 "perceive that your jealousy has
 "blinded you, and, alas! my indiscre-
 "tion has ruined my Camilla; it is
 "my secret, my Lord; it is my friend;
 "it is my lover, whom we came down
 "here

“ here to assist; Miss Francfort in-
 “ dulg’d me not only with her com-
 “ pany, and with her aid to restore
 “ this worthy person to health, but
 “ engag’d not to disclose the motives
 “ for our journey hither. Yesterday,
 “ this gentleman being advis’d to take
 “ the air, I accompanied him about
 “ five o’clock in the evening, and upon
 “ our return, I heard Camilla was
 “ gone, but where, or with whom, I
 “ cannot even imagine.”

This is the account Miss Sutton
 gives; and to confirm, as far as possible,
 what she said, she introduced me to the
 gentleman, who corroborated it all,
 and lamented that he was not only the
 first author of this misfortune, but that

he was unable either to advise or assist us.

What a situation! I am now retired from Miss Sutton for a moment to reflect; yes, my Lord, I am now upon the rack; I know not whether to believe her innocent or false; whether to despise or adore her: if she is false! Selfish and inhuman that I am,—if she is *not* false, she has been betrayed, and is now undoubtedly in the power of the vile betrayer.

Oh! my Lord, what a dreadful reflexion! I now feel the whole weight of my misfortune; and, what is worse, of her's. She is, she must be innocent. Is it possible? perhaps Sir George Grandon, that worthless, presumptuous—

sumptuous—Oh! let me not think of it; I have no longer doubt, though tortured with the most dreadful apprehensions. Where shall I find? Where once more rescue? Oh! heavens, it is now too late; my heart must throb and beat until it breaks.

I am going in search of her. Miss Sutton accuses me of coldness and insensibility. Cruel and false charge! I fly to justify my love! But, alas! whither? What course? What to direct—to guide

Your uncertain and unhappy

D***?

L E T-

L E T T E R XXXV.

FROM MISS FRANKFORT TO MISS
SUTTON.

My dearest Emily,

I Have escaped! am safe! and shall
see you soon; perhaps, in a few
hours. What must your surprise have
been on missing me at your return!
Did you send to enquire after the Mar-
quis? Does he know of my absence?
Did you suspect that that artful, cow-
ardly, and perfidious wretch, Sir George
Grandon, was at the bottom of this
plot? I have a thousand questions to
ask,

ask, and a thousand things to tell you, but as I shall see you so soon, I shall not mention any of the circumstances attending my rescue. But to prevent your surprise at seeing me return with persons who are strangers to yourself, I must just inform you, that I am coming back with Lord Robert Filligard, (to whom I owe my liberty) and Lady Frances his sister; he was so kind as to take me to his house, and introduce me to this charming woman, who protests, in her lively way, that she will accompany me to my friends, and till I find the Marquis; for after her brother's valorous atchievement, he shall not run the hazard of tarnishing his glory; "there are not
"many

“ many Scipios now a-days, Miss
 “ Francfort,” said she, “ and I shall
 “ have him run away with you himself;
 “ but if Ladies will be so handsome—
 “ why I never was run away with in
 “ my life!” I assured her if she had
 not, it was not for want of attractions,
 but because she was so happy as not to
 know so profligate and daring a wretch
 (and yet, Emmy, he is cowardly to the
 greatest degree) as Sir George Gran-
 don. Might not I have added, that
 part of her security consisted in having
 Lord Robert for her brother? How
 very lucky it was that I had seen him
 at Southern Lodge, and that I should
 chance to meet him: what obligations
 I am under to him! and yet how very
 different

different is my gratitude on this occasion, to what it was on one similar to it, when the knight errant was the Marquis.

Lady Frances admires you, and longs to see you; she intends to patronize, and to cure Mr. Otley; she esteems the Marquis, and has the goodness to doat upon your Camilla; she insists upon it, that we shall all repair to Sir Matthew Eaton's, and be happy together. "Let us, my dear " Miss Francfort," cries she, "all con- " descend to take Sir Matthew by " storm; change of air will, I am sure, " cure Mr. Otley; Miss Sutton may " be a very great physician, and, ac- " cording to your account, has done " wonders,

“wonders, but she shall not have all
“the honor of it herself.” I under-
stand that Lady Frances has already
taken Sir Matthew Eaton by storm,
and that he has surrendered his
heart.

Adieu! you will hardly have time
to run over my letter, and to spruce
up Mr. Otley for receiving company,
before you will see

Your

C. FRANCFORT.

P. S. Bless me! what will you
think of me as a confidante? I should
have

have began my letter with this postscript. Indeed I did not disclose your secret, it was already known to Lady Frances; an intimate friend of her's was just returned from Bristol, and told her that there were two young Ladies, who interested themselves much in the welfare of a gentleman whom they lodged in the house with; the names of such imprudent Ladies was the first thing to be enquired without doubt; and as Lady Frances had heard her brother often speak of my situation with the Marquis, she concluded you was the party concerned; and it was in vain to deny it. How often do people bring themselves into difficulties, from their assiduoufness

affiduoufnefs to conceal what has
already been revealed to all the
world!

LET.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

FROM LORD ROBERT FILLIGARD TO
LADY FRANCES FILLIGARD,

Dear Sister,

WHEN I left you, not knowing
which way to bend my course
in pursuit of the poor wandering Mar-
quis, I resolved to return home, in
hopes I might find a letter from him
which would give me some information
what was become of him. A letter
there was, but it was only filled with
complaints of his ill success, and la-
mentations,

mentations, and wailing, and woe: he had made enquiries at every inn on all the adjacent roads, but could hear no tidings, so was going to set off again. How excessively vexatious! he will keep killing me by inches with these mortifying letters about his ill success, and I shall not know how to acquaint him with my good. My search after him will be as vain as his after Miss Francfort. If I was not so greatly interested in whatever concerns him, it would be ridiculous enough, the thoughts of his wandering about like the Knight of the Woeful Figure; but I protest I feel for him beyond measure, and shall actually send servants various roads, and take myself another.

ther. Pray comfort Miss Francfort,
and persuade her to go to Sir Matthew's;
tell her she may depend upon the affi-
duity of her sincere friend to command,
who is, my dear Fanny,

Your affectionate Brother,

FILLIGARD.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

FROM LADY FRANCES FILLIGARD TO
LORD ROBERT FILLIGARD.

Dear Brother,

DO write us some good news, or
set the crier to work, or some-
thing, for Miss Francfort insisted on
seeing your letter, and was vastly dis-
tressed by it. Miss Sutton has men-
tioned something about a pretty little
fit of jealousy that he was seized with;
and the idea of your's, that he is like
the Knight of the Woeful Figure, I
suppose

suppose has made her apprehend that he may meet with some enchanter vile, who will confirm his unjust suspicions of her.

Well, after all, its a sad thing to be in love; I would not be—But you know, Lord Robert, you never was entirely of my cabinet council, so I will not let you into any secrets just now.

You recommend to us to go to Sir Matthew Eaton's; I would go with pleasure; not for my own part, that I would give sixpence to go to Sir Matthew Eaton's, but I think a house is better than a lodging; only Miss Francfort and Miss Sutton both think that Sir Matthew should have been

first introduced to them, either by yourself or the Marquis; but sure I have known Sir Matthew long enough to introduce—but if they don't like to be introduced, you know it is of no sort of consequence.

Are not you charmed with the Sutton? and yet I know that your Lordship's partiality for the Francfort, and the Eaton, blinds you to all other perfection; but I vow, I think the Sutton beats the Eaton out of sight. Nay, my Lord, you must not be angry, the Otley is monstrous clever, that you must allow; it is pity, poor dear, he cannot be well, and yet the creature will never look more agreeable, that languishing air becomes him.

Sir

Sir Matthew—Laud! what was I going to say? I protest I don't know. I hope your Lordship will not send us any more such dismal letters, but that you will have some tidings of this Marquis; for heaven's sake find him out! we shall be a *Coterie charmante* when we are all assembled.—This lodging is the worst;—but I am determined to stay with these charming girls; *jusqu'a je vous revoir*. My Lord, I am with all the &c.

Your Lordship's

Very affectionate Sister,

F. F.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

FROM LORD ROBERT FILLIGARD TO
LADY FRANCES FILLIGARD.

AND so you don't like a lodging,
Lady Fanny, otherwise you
would not give sixpence to go to Sir
Matthew Eaton's. I lament that I
am not of your cabinet council, for I
would wish to consult where we should
all meet to pass agreeably a few days,
for I am so happy as to have heard
from the Marquis, who, although he
has

has not given up the pursuit, has wisely at last bethought himself of naming a place for me to send letters to, where he will either call or send for them; thus you may acquaint Miss Francfort, that he will be now soon recovered. As to repairing to Sir Matthew Eaton's, he is my particular friend, a very agreeable and deserving man, whom I value extremely, and a charming place he has made where he now is; but any where, if you and the Ladies can agree, (supposing Mr. Otley is well enough to remove) will be agreeable to myself, and I will venture to answer for the Marquis; I am going to write to him instantly; and that we may forget every thing unpleasing

which is past, I shall tell him of my easy victory, that when we all meet, we may have nothing to disturb our tranquillity. Adieu!

Your's,

FILLIGARD.

LET.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

FROM LORD ROBERT FILLIGARD TO
THE MARQUIS OF D***.

GIVE over your pursuit, my Lord,
for I give you joy. One never
wonders at any thing which people in
love do, but if you had told me where
to send an answer to your first despair-
ing letter, you need not have wrote a
second, and might have spared yourself
much trouble and uneasiness. Miss
Francfort is found; was found almost
before she knew she was lost; and who

I 4.

do

do you think had the pleasure of finding her? Him, whom you will, I dare say, the least envy that satisfaction,—your Filligard. I am amazed you did not suspect young Francfort; he was concerned, though not openly; the wretch absconded presently. I thought from your letters, and from his to you, that he was plotting some mischief; and the day it happened, I was coming down to you at Sir Matthew Eaton's, to consult with you upon it, and as the guardians which watch over virtue would have it, I met Miss Francfort tearing towards London by herself in a post-chaise and four; she saw me, and called to them to stop, that she might inform me of
an

an accident which had happened to you;
“for as your Lordship is not going
“the same way as myself,” said she,
“I suppose you have not heard it.” “I am
“going to him, Madam,” returned I,
“though I have not heard of any acci-
“dent; but what do you do here, if
“you are going to him? You are ten
“miles from him, and every step you
“go, takes you so much further out
“of your way; nor can you possibly
“ever get there, without going en-
“tirely back almost all the way you
“have come.” “I know nothing of
“the matter,” said she, “I thought
“the way seemed much further than I
“expected, and have called several
I 5 “times

“times to know if they were going
 “right, and if I was not almost there.”
 I looked at the postillions; “How is
 “this?” cried I, “Where are you
 “going to?” “To Sir Matthew
 “Eaton’s,” one of them said, “it was
 “not much out of the way.” “Out of
 “the way, you scoundrel! why you
 “are going to London: Is this Sir
 “Matthew Eaton’s carriage?” He he-
 sitated; “No, it was not his own car-
 “riage, but one he had sent.” I rode
 up to the fellow, and holding my stick
 to his face, swore I would knock him
 off his horse, if he did not tell me where
 he was going, and who sent him. The
 dastardly wretch did not know what to
 do; and the other, who seemed to have
 more

more courage, was for pushing by me, but my servants came and stood at the heads of the horses, and kept threatening for my answer; at last he began fumbling in his pockets, and told me he would shew me his orders; but not finding the paper, said he would get off his horse to feel, which I let him do; but no sooner was he on his legs, than the nimble-footed rascal gave us the slip, and taking to his heels ran away, and jumped over a hedge. I bade some of my people follow him, give him a good horse-whipping, and leave him where he was, and that I would make the other speak, or knock his brains out. Accordingly I cried to him, "Tell me instantly where you

"are going." "He did not know;
 "where his master pleased." "Vil-
 "lain! where your master pleases, and
 "yet you don't know! What was your
 "order'd to do?" He was ordered to
 do nothing, he said, but to put his
 horses to, and to follow his master.
 "And where is your master?" "Why
 "that's him," pointing to the field
 where my servants were horse-whipping
 the postillion. "What! the postillion
 "your master? "Yes." "And who
 "is he?" "Sir George Grandon."
 "Oh! Sir George Grandon. James,
 "go and tell them to horse-whip that
 "postillion again." I then opened the
 chariot door, and offering Miss Franc-
 fort my hand, "However disagreeable,
 "Madam,

“ Madam, this insolent attempt has
 “ been, I think we may flatter our-
 “ selves that no accident has befallen
 “ the Marquis, worse than the danger
 “ he was in of losing what he holds
 “ most dear; but you are at your own
 “ disposal; my carriage shall take you
 “ wherever you please to order it, and
 “ I will attend you myself on horse-
 “ back; I like riding, and was just
 “ got on horseback when I was so
 “ happy as to meet you.” “ Where
 “ can I order it, my Lord?” said Miss
 Francfort, wiping from her face some
 tears, “ I shall be ashamed to return
 “ to Bristol so late, attended by a gen-
 “ tleman; they will not scruple to put
 “ it in the news-paper to-morrow—
 “ and

“and yet I must, I have no where to
“go.” I told her if she would do me
the honor to go to my house, that Lady
Frances would receive her with plea-
sure, and would wait on her any
where that she would chuse to name.
She accepted of this proposal, and we
afterwards set out again for Bristol with
my sister, with all possible expedition,
that we might prevent Miss Sutton
from being longer uneasy, and in
hopes that this adventure might not
have reached your ears. But it was
decreed that you should go; “the gods
“would have it so;” though I hope
they don’t intend that you never shall
return to Greece again. We are all
impatiently waiting for you, and, next
to

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to Miss Francfort, (for I would no
more rival her, than be your rival)
none more impatiently than

Your very sincere Friend

And Servant,

FILLIGARD.

L E T.

LETTER XL.

FROM SIR MATTHEW EATON, BART.
TO MISS EATON.

Dear Sister,

I Have got with me a set of friends, who are kind enough to say, that your presence only is wanting to render their happiness complete: those where you are, will, I doubt not, say something equally flattering concerning your absence, should you talk of quitting them, therefore I leave it to yourself.

self which set you are most willing to oblige, as the indulging of one will be certainly mortifying the other.

We have here the Marquis of D*** (whom we know to be a favorite, as he is with all the Ladies) and Miss Francfort, the charming Francfort, who is shortly to be Marchioness; you have often heard her spoken of: we have likewise a friend of her's, an agreeable pretty Miss Sutton; we call her Hygeia, as she has restored health to a languishing and dying Mr. Otley, who is now well enough to partake of almost all our amusements: we have also your sprightly friend, (tho' last,
not

not least in love) Lady Frances Filliard; you know she is not last in my thoughts, nor is she indeed on my paper, for we have one more, who, I believe, is not quite last in your thoughts, Lord Robert her brother. Perhaps if you return here, we may stand more indebted to him, than to all the rest of the company put together; at least I may venture to pronounce, that none of the company will be made happier by your return than himself, or seems to regret your absence so much.

Ponder well these things, and please yourself; I have done my duty by
my

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my friends, who cannot expect more
from their and

Your

MAT. EATON.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLI.

FROM THOMAS FRANCFORT, ESQ. TO
MISS FRANCFORT.

Dear Child,

PRAY return home as soon as you can; I am extremely concerned at the reason which obliges me to send for you, as it must, I am sure, make you and the Marquis exceedingly unhappy. What Mrs. Emmitt declared in her last moments proves untrue; the woman did not mean any ill, but it was the
the

the effect of a disturbed imagination. A person who lived in my brother's family at the time the accident happened to his son, having lately heard of Mrs. Emmitt's death-bed discovery, has wrote to Sir Gregory, and assures him it is false; the purport of the letter is, that the accident did happen as represented by Mrs. Emmitt; that the child was thereby hurt, had fits, and they apprehended he would die, so had determined amongst themselves to put off the farmer's son (nearly the same age) for my nephew, but, however, the child did not die.

The way she accounts for Mrs. Emmitt's having pronounced this falsity, is not unnatural; she says, she
often

often used to rejoice that she had not committed such a wicked action; and many times declared, that if she had done it, she believes she should never have been able to have kept the secret; therefore she supposes in her last moments, that she might remember imperfectly what had passed, and having lost her reason, might think she really had done what she had once resolved on. This is not bad reasoning, and I am afraid has too much probability in it. But, however, my brother has sent for this living witness, and we intend to interrogate her ourselves. If you and the Marquis chuse not to be present on this occasion, there will be no necessity for it.

Your

Your uncle is very much hurt by this new assertion; so much is it our nature to become reconciled to the evil we are most familiar with: For though the distress the duel occasioned was mitigated by the belief of the much esteemed young man not being his son, yet could he not but with regret resign the loved idea he had cherished of his being so; and now having for some time past, encouraged the opinion that the unfortunate infant he had been told of, was his child, he seems to credit this tale as reluctantly as the former. He at present seems to consider the acquisition of such a nephew as the Marquis, to be more than an equivalent for the loss of an infant son.

But

But I shall distress you, my child, beyond measure; yet you must not only be made acquainted with the disappointments of this life, but must also learn to bear them. You have the best wishes of your

Your affectionate Father,

T. FRANCFORT.

L E T.

LETTER XLII.

FROM MR. CHARLES FRANCFORT TO
SIR GEORGE GRANDON, BART.

WE may now both shake hands,
unlucky George; you have
been horse-whipped by a footman, and
I am turned out of doors by my uncle;
it was a devilish good plot, but it did
not succeed, so now Camilla and the
Marquis must be married in spite of
Old Nick.

My father and my uncle sent for
the woman, and would talk to her

VOL. II. K themselves,

themselves, so the fool was frightened, and squeaked, and thumped on her knees, crying she did not know there was any harm in it, for young Mr. Francfort had told her what to say; and that it would make all the family quite easy, because they took on so about Master Felix being killed.

The old oaf ought to give us our money again, George; I am afraid I shall want it enough, for they are to allow me but fifty pounds a year; what is that? I shall be a tax upon you; for as to the affair of Miss Sutton, that's all kicked up; if it had not been for this new lover which stands in the way, this last job would
have

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have done for me. *Comble de dis-*
grace to

Your poor

CHA. FRANCFORT.

K 2

LET.

L E T T E R XLIII.

FROM MISS FRANCFORT TO MISS
SUTTON.

My dearest Emily,

O UR sufferings have not been this time of long duration, but our anxiety while they lasted were extreme. After so many trials, when we thought they all were past, to have one so unexpected, and which admitted neither of hope nor consolation, it was almost insupportable. But those terrible alarms

alarms are no more; the woman who occasioned them, has confessed that every thing Mrs. Emmitt asserted was true, and that she was herself sought and persuaded by my unworthy brother, to write that letter to my uncle, which has made the Marquis and your Camilla so justly uneasy.

My uncle has absolutely renounced Charles; he says he never can forgive him, for meaning to deprive him of such a nephew as the Marquis of D***; and if he is not permitted to acknowledge them both, he rejoices that he has not lost the one who is truly unexceptionable, by the base artifices of him who is unworthy. Ought I myself to lament the loss of a brother,

who meant to make me miserable, and whom, had I not lost, I must have lost the Marquis for ever? I should have thought myself extremely happy in having an amiable good man for my brother, and have always envied such women as could boast that blessing; and yet, my Emily, what is fraternal regard? Without the Marquis, could I have been content with the best of brothers? And what right have we, who are continually menaced with disasters, to expect that every comfort should await us; is it not obtaining the most one can expect in this life, to give up a lesser advantage to enjoy a greater?

You,

You think with concern on the disappointment of Sir Charles Vernon, and wish that Mr. Otley had been his son; this is the most you can do; you have assuredly no right to repine that it is not so; and if chagrin has plucked the roses from the cheeks of Sir Charles, health and hope have revived those on the cheeks of Mr. Otley, which gives you more pleasure than the other does uneasiness. Thus, my dearest Emily, all things considered, we should be extremely undeserving and ungrateful, if we did not think ourselves blessed beyond expression. I assure you I hardly ever dared to look forward

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to so bright a prospect as that which
is now in view of

Your grateful and happy

C. FRANCFORT.

LET.

L E T T E R XLIV.

FROM SIR GEORGE GRANDON, BART.

TO MR. CHARLES FRANCFORT.

I Cannot help observing, Mr. Francfort, that there is something very ungenerous in your mentioning in that exulting and gross kind of manner, the treatment I met with from Lord Robert Filligard's footmen; am I accountable for the insolence of another man's servants? I should be glad to know how you would have acted on such an emergency. However you may chuse to

K 5

sport

sport with your own ill luck, I should be glad if you would talk less familiarly of mine, though I think you have no reason to treat in so light a manner what has happened to yourself; for if it is not incumbent on your relations to allow you what is sufficient, I am sure you cannot expect that I should; so you will be no tax upon me, for my fortune will not permit it, charity begins at home. When my fortune is spent, I don't know anybody that will suffer me to be a tax upon them. If your services entitled you to something, why you have had it; a great deal of my money have you received upon your own account, as well as for what was necessary for my particular

particular schemes; and if I had carried my point, why you would have carried your's, and your demands upon me would have been greater; the labourer is worthy of his hire; but to expect something for nothing is the devil. All that can be said is, that we have been unlucky in our schemes, and we must make the best of it. I shall always be glad to see Charles Francfort, nor would I have him consider as ungrateful

G. GRANDON.

LETTER XLV.

FROM MISS FRANCFORT TO MISS
SUTTON.

Dear Emmy,

I Desire you and Mrs. Sutton, and Mr. Otley, would favor us with your company; the Duke and Duchess of S***, and numbers of that family come to-morrow; the marriage of Cana was quite a private one to what this will be; a few guests, more or less, will be like a drop of water in the sea; though was the multitude to be ever
so

so great, I should think it wanted much without my Emily. The preparations are already begun, and I want you to persuade me to think less of their importance, or more of my own. The cooks have absolutely already begun to chop, to pott, to stew, and to look hot; there is a new chariot of my father's, a new coach and chariot of my uncle's, and three new carriages of the Marquis, two coaches of the Dukes, and a *vis à vis*, all standing side by side with their night-caps on; three tables in the servant's hall are joined and covered with ribbons, which are to make favors and top-knots to deck the horses with, of which there are so many, being singed, trimmed,

trimmed, pared, and curried, that you would think there was going to be a considerable horse fair. There are places fitting up to entertain the people without doors, and others to entertain them within, and such quantities of liquor, that you would believe it might drown themselves, as well as their cares; and yet this is but the preparation for a fortnight: the Duke of S*** expects us to pass a fortnight with him in the same manner.

Sure marriage ought to make people happy, when there is such a fuss about it! but I have no doubt of being otherwise. My uncle has been generous enough to make my fortune so considerable, as to prevent my looking
 insignificant

insignificant in the eyes of so great a family; and as my brother has offended him, I am to be his heir.

My fortune from my father is five thousand pounds, and my uncle has bestowed upon me fifty, and as much as ever I chuse to lay out for cloaths; which addition will not be immoderate, as I shall buy no jewels, for the Marquis, and the Duke, and Duchefs, have presented me to an excess of liberality. The Duke has settled upon the Marquis a very fine estate, where we are to reside after having spent a fortnight here, and another at Southern Lodge; besides one he has given him to make me a settlement. Every body is happy, and every

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every body is contented, but she who
is the most so, and with the most
reason, is

Your

C. FRANCFORT,

LET

L E T T E R XLVI.

FROM LADY SUSAN ELWIN TO LADY
HARRIET PAULET.

My dear Lady Harriet,

YOU know my opinion of my
brother's choice; and to tell you
the truth, I wanted to decline being
at the wedding, but the Duke and
Duchess would not permit me, so here
I am with the rest at Boon Hall. Vast
preparations! Immensely grand every
thing! For a Baronet really surprising!
An ox to be roasted, and every thing.
I shall

I shall expire, if the Duke does not think of something to make our fortnight appear with greater eclat. What can your Ladyship think of? I would have a troop of oxen roasted, but I would surpass such people. Miss Francfort is, as you may suppose, so happy—one cannot blame her. But the Duchess (*quel prevention!*) will have it, that she has quite the look and air (*c'est de Mademoiselle Francfort que je parle*, your Ladyship must not mistake) Laud how you will laugh—the look and air of a person of fashion! Indeed, since I have heard who her mother was, I don't think her quite so awkward; she was daughter of a grandee of Spain; Mr. Francfort was sent there
in

in his youth, about some kind of trading, I don't know what, and he run away with her; her name was Camilla, and the Nobleman her father was called Felix, which is the reason of her daughter and nephew being called by those names; what pity she should have so degraded her family; but if she sunk it, Miss Francfort will raise it again for them, that they must say. I protest, I always thought she was an odd compound; she has seen nothing of high life, without which no woman of quality can possibly have any of the *ton*.

Your Ladyship must not expect any account of this *noce*, for you know such bustles *me tuent*, *je serai plus mort que vive*.

vive. But dear Lady Harriet, if your Ladyship has *le moindre degré de compassion*, do stay the fortnight with us at Southern Lodge, or the fatigue will be insupportable to your Ladyship's

Truly affectionate and sincere

S. ELWIN.

LET

LETTER XLVII.

FROM MISS SUTTON TO THE
MARCHIONESS OF D***,

My dear Marchioness,

AS long as you do not disclaim the title of friend to your Emily, I shall call you with pleasure by any of those exalted ones which sound harmonious to the world's ear; and, indeed, as I don't apprehend your dropping that which is most dear to me, I pretend

tend not to say is disagreeable to mine; and it gives me great satisfaction to hear you say, that you are sensible of every part of your happiness, even down to being called Marchioness, which gives you pleasure exclusive from its being the consequence of being married to the Marquis of D***, without which no title in life, nor life itself, would have been supportable. But as you profess to be so immoderately happy, I do not repine that you was not pleased with the pomp and magnificence of your own wedding; you know it is past, and if it was disagreeable, it must be considered like every thing else which you have found

so

to be so, the rugged steps which have led you to your happiness. If I am not sorry, it is only an interested view, because my wedding is to be as private as the situation of the humble parties require; therefore if you had thought all that bustle and splendor had been requisite and agreeable, I should not have had the effrontery to have solicited your presence at mine, which I assure you is all that will be wanting to make my felicity complete.

Do not despise me for my humility, we are very mechanical machines; I happened to be wound up to one pitch, and you to another, that is all; so do

not

not attempt to persuade me that there is a better match in the world than a younger brother, when one has gotten thousand pound to give him; which, added to pretty near the same sum, is a competency. Without that unexpected acquisition to my fortune, prudence would have restrained me from this match; or at least, if I had had no regard for myself, I should have had too much for Mr. Otley to have incumbered him, if I could not have brought at least an equivalent to his fortune.

Thus do I consider myself as extremely lucky, and extremely
happy,

happy, and beg that your Ladyship would remember that you have it in your power, either to lessen or augment that happiness, by attending, or declining to attend, on her bridal-day,

Your very affectionate,

And sincere Friend,

EMILY SUTTON.

P. S. It is to be the beginning of next week, therefore your presence here as soon as possible, will be the best way of informing me that I am not to

VOL. II,

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be

be refused. I also invite the Marquis, who, I imagine, will come for your sake, as you will, I hope, for mine,

LET-

L E T T E R XLVIII.

FROM MRS. OTLEY TO MRS. SUTTON.

Dear Madam,

ALTHOUGH you was not pleased with the Marquis and Marchionefs of D***, for carrying your fon and daughter away with them, our journey will be attended with consequences which will be highly pleasing to ourselves, and I hope will be likewise agreeable to you. We have seen a most unexceptionable house which belongs to the Marquis, and stands in an enchanting part of his park. He and the Marchionefs

L 2

are

are excessively desirous that we should take it, and become their tenants; they promise to make such indulgent landlords, and to let us have such advantages, that it is neither my interest, my inclination, nor intention, to resist this offer. Mr. Otley cannot be more disposed to this scheme than I am, nor do I think he is less so. We shall have room enough to be able to dedicate to you such apartments as I think you must be charmed with. I will not pretend to describe the situation, but Mr. Otley will set out to-morrow to fetch you to see it, and I think I need not be afraid of raising your expectations too high. I know it is your wish to live with us, and you also

also know it is mine that you should, therefore I do not expatiate upon what we are all agreed on, but upon the means of carrying it into execution. This last piece of good fortune, was what I had never presumed to turn my thoughts to, but the Marchioness says she thought of it for me the moment she saw the house.

I assure you I do not regret not having a fine estate of our own, as I must then have lived amidst a set of people I was indifferent to; a corner of my Camilla's park is better, with her society, than a whole one would be without it. Never did I expect to be so happy, nor could you ever expect, my dear mother, to pass the
remainder

remainder of your days in so charming a retreat, with so good a man as Mr. Otley, who will study your happiness equally with

Your dutiful and

Affectionate Daughter,

EMILY OTLEY.

P. S. There are more weddings going forward; the Marquis is very happy with the news that his friend, (indeed the friend to us all) Lord Robert Filligard, is going to be married to Miss Eaton; as is Sir Matthew Eaton to Lady Frances Filligard. I tell you this, because I know you are an advocate for cross-matches.

F I N I S.



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